An Open Letter to Burton Rascoe, by Raymond T. Bond

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Franz Werfel
Reviewed by Raymond Holden

"WITH LOVE AND IRONY"
By Lin Yutang
Reviewed by Stuart Cloete

"THE ECONOMICS OF WAR"
By Horst Mendershausen
Reviewed by Peter F. Drucker

"THE NEWS AND HOW TO UNDERSTAND IT"
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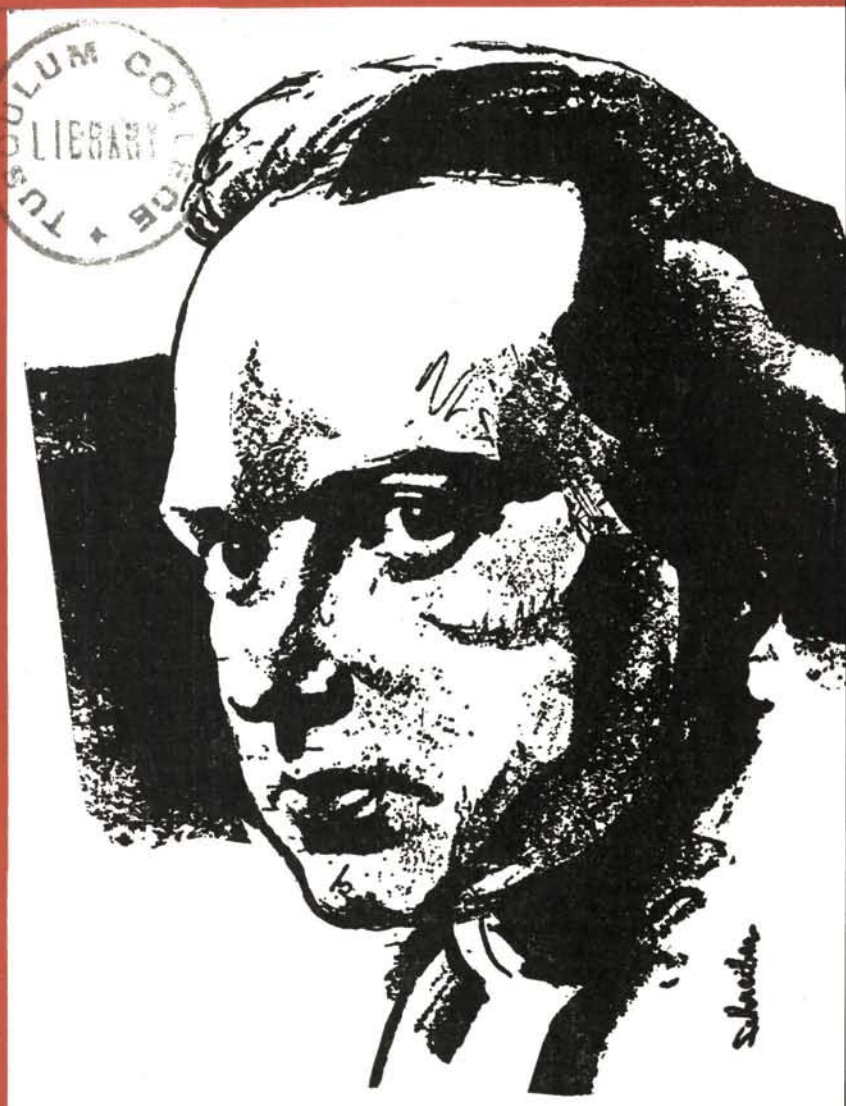

Drawing by Schreiber

FRANZ WERFEL's "head is filled with his heart" . . .
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Well, What's Wrong!

An Open Letter to Burton Rascoe, Replying to His Article, "What's Wrong With Publishers!"

RAYMOND T. BOND

DEAR MR. RASCOE:

A FEW nights ago, when I finished reading your "What's Wrong with Publishers!" I laid aside *The Saturday Review* and took down my copy of Stevenson's "Home Book of Quotations." I wanted to verify something which I vaguely remembered Mayor Gaynor had once said about a distinguished person who had aroused his ire. After I found this quotation, I knew why your article had struck a reminiscent chord in my mind. According to Stevenson, the Mayor had called this person a "man of vast and varied misinformation."

So the American publishers, in your opinion, are a decidedly sleazy lot! They steal from one another, they falsify their accounts, they impose on and interfere with critics, they deliberately confuse and mislead their writers in matters of contract. Publishers, you say, consider they have done a good day's work when they have outsmarted an author who is vague about addition and subtraction. And you, Mr. Rascoe, have signed your name to all that! Maybe the whole thing is an exaggeration, set down in the spirit of fun and mischief, in reply to some article that has appeared earlier. Maybe you don't mean publishers when you say publishers. Maybe the part shouldn't be taken for the whole. Maybe your closing paragraphs about the hard lot of publishers were meant to gloss over the general indictment. But the fact remains that, by and large, you've done a rather dirty job and have conveyed to the unwary reader the impression that American publishers—the boys, as you call them—are, in their business and professional dealings, neither honest nor honorable.

For that, Mr. Rascoe, I bite my thumb at you and gently give you the lie. What you have written is not the truth about American publishers.

It seems to me particularly unfortunate for you to have made the misstatements and implications you did about a business like book publishing, which more than almost any other industry depends on respect and confidence. For a publishing house cannot continue to function on any other foundation than integrity. A publisher's authors may occasionally feel that their books have been mishandled—and I presume that every author has at one time or another been sure that his books would have gone better if this or that had been done. It is human nature to suppose that each of us can fight a fire better than a fireman or run a newspaper better than the managing editor. But the moment a feeling of insecurity and distrust begins to develop between an author and his publishers, the relationship is doomed. No writer can continue to suffer the torments of artistic creation without the assurance that when he has written *Finis*, he can turn the manuscript over to someone who will carry on without being watched. Any publisher who, to use your own words, frequently turns out "a contract whose terms are so inequitable and unethical, that they would turn the stomach of a professional cardsharper" is *ipso facto* on the skids! Time has a way with him and the clay has its own. This may read like sermonizing and possibly it is, but it is also a sound corrective to the unhealthy miasma of your recent article.

An example of friendly relations between an author and his publishers; Van Wyck Mason signing a contract for a new book.

I do not contend that there may not be sharp practices here and there in the publishing business. And we are all aware that there exists undeniably a deplorable vermiform appendage on the body proper of publishing—a whole predatory school of 'stute fish that swim along out of harm's way behind the whale's right ear. These are the vanity publishers, the purveyors of smut, the compilers of directories and biographical dictionaries with your life story and photograph at so much an insertion, the bunco subscription and installment concerns, the re-printers of outmoded cook books, flashy novels, and fugitive classics for the esoteric, the manufacturers of anthologies of prose and poetry, selected by weight and measure only, and snappers-up of unconsidered literary trifles generally. But to confuse this jackaldom with the legitimate publishing world is no more honest than to condemn modern medicine because there are quacks or banking because there are loan sharks or the legal profession because there are ambulance chasers. Equally unfair is your indiscriminate and sweeping indictment of American publishers.

NOW let's consider, piece by piece, the fragmentary evidence you have presented.

You are wrong, Mr. Rascoe, in what you say about remainders and reprints. Let's first see what those two words mean in publishing. Apparently you don't realize that they are entirely different and the confusion naturally leads you into a series of errors. A remainder is something left over, an existing stock after the bulk of the original printing has been disposed of. Suppose, before either of the Presidential conventions was held last

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summer, some publisher brought out a biography of one of the contenders for the nomination. He printed five or ten thousand—whatever he judged he could dispose of—and distributed the book as widely as he could. The day of the convention arrived and the nomination, unfortunately for this campaign book, went to another candidate. In the publisher's stockroom there still remained some five hundred unsold copies. What was the publisher to do? Nothing is as dead in the book trade as campaign literature after the campaign is over. In this case, the campaign never really got started. As a result, the publisher has on hand a "remainder," which he sells to a jobber in a "job" lot for whatever he can get, perhaps a dime a copy. These books may have cost him thirty cents a copy to print and bind, so that dumping the remainder means a loss of one hundred dollars—with no overhead figured in. No royalty is paid on these jettisoned books—nor does the author share any responsibility in the loss. And the publisher is most certainly entitled to the dime a copy—if he can get it.

Throughout the publishing year there is a small but steady trickle of these remainders—many of them pathetic lost causes in fiction, drama, verse, juveniles—moving from the publishers' stockrooms to the bargain trays of the second-hand bookstores. As a rule, the sale has long since dried up before the book is "jobbed"; storage rent and interest on the investment have cut into the original profits; and the case is hopeless. Even then, most publishers will hold out a few copies from the remainder in order to take care of the requests that may come in, perhaps two or three times a year, this being in the nature of a service rather than a business transaction.

The "reprint" is something quite different and is not to be confused with the remainder. When a book, fiction or non-fiction, has sold well in the original edition and the publisher senses, with the evidence of his sales records before him, that the right moment has come, he is very likely to arrange for a "reprint" edition, usually handled by a "reprint" house which has developed the special technique for handling such printings. Under this procedure, the original publisher actually rents his plates to the reprint house which furnishes him an affidavit (if requested) as to the exact number of reprint copies printed and bound. The size of the edition is strictly limited in the agreement, with the understanding that there may be slight variations because of over-runs to offset possible spoilage; and the royalty is set down plainly, often with stipulations for an advance payment to bind the bargain.

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ANNUAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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This royalty paid by the reprint house goes directly to the original publisher of the book and is divided by him with the author, in strict accordance with the contract between this publisher and author, signed by both when the book was in the manuscript stage. Now, since the reprint price is much below the original edition price, the royalty paid by the reprint house is low, too; and this, when split equally between original publisher and author, means a small per copy return to each, although it may build up to a sizeable sum if the reprint edition is a large one. For instance, a novel selling at $2.50 in the original edition may sell at $1.00 in reprint. If the royalty on that reprint is ten per cent, then the original publisher and the author split a dime on each copy—or receive $500 each on an edition of 10,000 copies. On a widely popular book, the reprint may, of course, run much larger, and on biographies and other non-fiction titles the reprint selling price may also be higher, with increased royalties on both scores.

IN your article, Mr. Rascoe, you said you had known instances where publishers had sold "remainders" to a dealer even before a contract had been signed with the author of the book. In the light of what I have just said about remainders and reprints, this seems more than a little preposterous. If you insist categorically that it was done, then it *was* done, of course. Perhaps you mean that the publisher printed a large initial edition, part of which was to be sold to booksellers in the usual way, with royalties to the author, and the rest sold as a phoney "job," with no royalties, but with a manufacturing profit to the publisher. But why should the publisher go to all that trouble, tying up his capital and involving his organization, when he might just as well "gyp" his author, to use your word, by holding out royalties on the original edition?

And who are these publishers, Mr. Rascoe, whose double dealings you claim to know so much about? Up what shady streets have you been walking and in what dark corners do you dine? Don't you owe it to the authors you profess to speak for to reveal who your furtive friends are so that others at least may eschew their company? Come out into the sunlight.

What I think you may have mistaken in your comments on these phoney remainder sales is the possibility of arranging a reprint (not a remainder) with a reprint house at the time when the original edition is published. That is sometimes done although it is not, by any means, the general practice. The publisher doesn't

(*Continued on page* 18)

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Tunnel to Heaven

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN. By Franz Werfel. New York: The Viking Press. 1940.

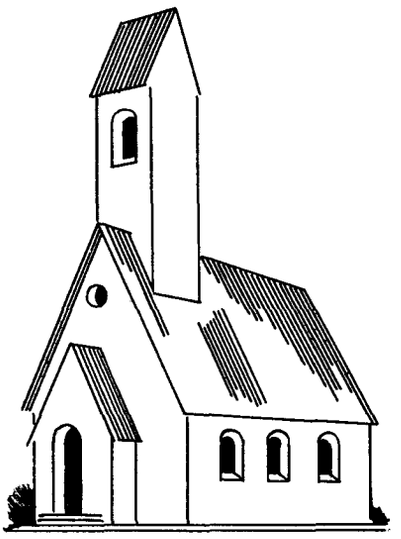
Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

FRANZ WERFEL became widely known in this country when, six years ago, his "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" turned out to be a best-seller widely celebrated for a quality called "epic," the exact nature of which is not very clear to the average reader. Be that as it may, we now know Mr. Werfel as a story-teller who puts into his stories a fairly complete set of understandable directions and signposts which, if followed, are bound to lead the reader out of the world of narrative into that of metaphysics.

In his new book Mr. Werfel tells a story with a fortuitous setting in the Central Europe of the late 1930's. But for the author's concern with metaphysics it might have been anywhere. The tale begins with the household of Leopold and Livia Argan, pleasant, gracious, and quite aimless people whose sense of life, quick as it is, appears to be turned inward upon themselves. They are, says Mr. Werfel, doomed by the *Zeitgeist* to be eliminated because of too great happiness. The *Zeitgeist* does its work well. The Argans are eliminated, at least from the story, leaving in Mr. Werfel's capable hands the small, fierce narrowness of Teta Linek, the Argans' household cook. Teta has been with the Argans a score or more of years, keeping to herself, constructing in the solitude of her own incarceration within her private hope of heaven, as Edmond Dantes constructed his tunnel, a passageway to the celestial *Altenheim*. This passageway, however, as Mr. Werfel clearly shows us, was built of crumbling and intractable material.

Teta had a nephew, Mojmir, son of a drunken brother. She had determined to make a priest of him. All her savings went to his education. Teta, from the day that she made up her mind to this course, never saw Mojmir, but she saw always before her the image of his consecrated person standing before the bar of Heaven, offering safe conduct for her. There was nothing tender or self-sacrificing about Teta. She cared not a whit for Mojmir himself but as a kind of twenty-four carat Jacob's ladder she prized him above everything.

The *Zeitgeist's* attention to the Argan family brought tragedy to Teta. Left with a sum of money she determined to use it only for Mojmir's



From the jacket.

saintly progress. Being free of her household duties she was able to give the holy man her personal attention. This, as the reader has long since suspected, was to prove her undoing. For there was no Reverend Mojmir—only a shiftless rogue, a purveyor of filthy pictures, a chronic debtor and, worst of all, a beggar. That was Teta's tragedy but it was not her end. At this point in Mr. Werfel's narrative, the author himself takes charge and leads his (by now) seventy-year-old heroine on a pilgrimage to Rome where she finds not the absolution for which she searched but in death, a passport to further search, search for that which everyone seeks—the root of the Permanent.

Mr. Werfel who has had very good opportunity to observe the chaos which failure to keep in touch with the Permanent has brought into the lives of Europeans, is very earnest in his belief that we can only be saved by metaphysics. He evidently feels that European civilization is at the crossroads because of the introduction into human thought of the materialistic philosophies of men like Kant and Hegel and that a return to simple faith is necessary. Teta Linek did not have faith but only fear and hope of escape from it. That is why she did not get her reward and why Mr. Werfel shows her—as appears to be his intention—doomed to walk the earth in the guise of all simple people, looking for the Permanent, the vestiges and symbols and rumors of which man has gathered together into what he calls God.

The story of the Argan family, its charms and its talents, illustrates the inadequacy of an attempt to create a heaven upon earth, which is what the Argans seemed to create in their country house at Grafenegg. The roots of their heaven could be and were torn up by change and the operation of external forces. Teta's heaven was not of earth but its roots, too, were unsound. She despised evil people but she had, herself, few of the qualities of the good. Even her humility was a trifle spurious. Mr. Werfel's great talents are unfortunately balanced by a defect which is the weakness of many central European novelists—a tendency to use the romantic idiom in dealing with a classical subject and to leave human character hanging in the air somewhere between the two. In "Embezzled Heaven" the narrative is charming and moving, even if one could wish that the author would look with a stronger glass at those components of the Permanent which are embedded in human motive and human behavior. The metaphysics would be strengthened by a realization that the greatest dignity of which the Permanent can boast is that it is the product and not the patron of human life.

No matter what the defects of this book—and they are defects of generosity—no reader can fail to enjoy the story of Teta Linek, because Teta is not to be found anywhere but in Mr. Werfel's head, and Mr. Werfel's head is filled with heart.

Challenge

By John Hall Wheelock

MY sweet is young and cruel,
Her lips cried laughingly:
"Come out to the old duel,
Cross swords, cross swords with me!

"No quarter shall be given,
No mercy shall be shown;
Under the arch of heaven
Stand, and defend your own."

Under the arch of heaven,
At the appointed place,
The waited word was given,
And we stood face to face.

O dear, dark eyes, and splendid!
Sweet lips that laughed apart!
Before the day was ended
The sword was in my heart.

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Faith in A Mad World

WITH LOVE AND IRONY. By Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Co. 1940. 291 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by STUART CLOETE

Drawing by Britton

Lin Yutang

THIS book is something new. New, because the title expresses the book, which is written with love and irony. New, because out of China comes a work that is almost French in feeling, bearing the French stamp of delicate irony, of a beautiful and subtly disguised bitterness, of inverted insult, of compliments which contain not a thorn, like a rose, but a dagger that tears the veil from the false sophistication which we have been conditioned into accepting. Today a strange thing has happened. We suddenly see ourselves, American, British, and free Chinese, as brothers. We can see a new and true humanity. Or do I just imagine this? Where has our superiority based on the fiction of a material civilization, brought us? To what horrors? Very gently, Lin Yutang points his finger. Very gently, with the philosophy of old China, with its immense antiquity, with its arts and sciences, he speaks to us. So delicately, so beautifully, that it is like one of his own white cherry trees in flower against a blue, satin, china sky. At the foot of the tree are some fallen petals—a carpet. These are the petals of an old knowledge, of an old philosophy, of the confidence of a people who have suffered so much and so long that they can look beyond the present disaster and still believe that cherry trees will continue to flower.

A Chinese gentleman is particularly well equipped to write about the present phase of the world's history. Here in this book you get that strange balance of reality and mysticism which makes man what he is. Here is nature, beautiful and implacable—continuing its processes in spite of war and disaster. You get the picture of a Chinese general: he had four wives and sixteen concubines; he was at once polygamous and polyandrous. He loved women but he did not mind his women loving other men when he did not require them himself.

Of such stuff is "With Love and Irony" made. Panoply, squalor, death, hope, and beauty are woven into a subtle, oriental pattern. It is like a silk robe embroidered with symbolic flowers of pure gold; like a robe embossed with ancient myths, jewelled with brilliant fragments of erudition, and shot, where the light catches it, with love and hope. Not the hope of a wish-fulfillment dream, but the hope of reality, the hope of confidence. Hope for the whole world and every living thing within that world—men, woman, child, beast, bird, fish, insect, and flower. Lin Yutang believes in life—all life. In beauty—all beauty. He has seen war, and, having seen it, can sit and write of truth and beauty. He can see life that is in the swinging branches of the willows as they hang over the brown still water. He can think of the trees as women, bending to wash their long hair in the pool.

So we move through Lin Yutang's world, discussing willow tree, Chinese bed-bugs, Mickey Mouse, and the pleasure to be had in buying a cage of birds, even birds that do not sing. Should women rule the world? . . . a defense of gold diggers . . . a talk with G. B. S. . . . Basic English . . . spring in my garden . . . mandarins . . . monks. And at last we come to the philosophic truth—that wrong, inverted right, produces good. That the Japanese with their bombs are making China as they destroy it. Just as the Nazis with their bombs are making England as they destroy it. And the bomber is the final propagandist for humanity. More cities will be built to replace the ravaged cities. More culture will come into being to replace the old. Despite bombings, and murders, and rapes, and ravages, Lin Yutang believes, as all men must believe, in the final outcome. In the final mastery of good over evil, of good men over bad, of mind over machines of destruction. With love and irony he wrote it. With love and irony and hope it must be read.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TRIBUTES PAID BY POETS TO OTHER POETS

G. C. Haddon, of Hamilton, Ontario, contributes this week's literary quiz. What poet wrote each selection printed below, and about what poet was it written? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 50 is par, 60 is good, 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 12.

1. Thou that singeth wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
   All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word . . .

2. Crowned, girdled, garbed, and shod with light and fire,
   Son first-born of the morning, sovereign star!

3. He probed from hell to hell
   Of human passions, but of love deflowered
   His wisdom was not.

4. Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
   Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea . . .

5. Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

6. Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
   Above the blind and battling multitude:
   In honor's poverty thy voice did weave
   Songs consecrate to truth and liberty.

7. He taught us little: but our soul
   Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.

8. O pang-dowered Poet, whose reverberant lips
   And heart-strung lyre awoke the Moon's eclipse!

9. Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
   No man hath walked along our roads with step
   So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
   So varied in discourse.

10. He was of those whose wit can shake
    And riddle to the very core
    The counterfeits that Time will break.

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The Balance Sheets of Battle

PETER F. DRUCKER

ACTING upon the request of their government, the British papers recently began to play down the auction-sales of heirlooms and the private collections for Spitfire planes and anti-aircraft equipment. Gifts of money are no less welcome now than before; they help the Treasury and strengthen national morale. But it was found that too many of the donors believed that they had actually given airplanes and anti-aircraft equipment to the nation when they gave the money. They did not understand that you cannot buy airplanes in a modern war economy. Money can procure neither plant capacity, nor labor, nor raw materials; and if the country has the necessary labor, raw materials, and plant capacity, the airplanes will be produced for the government—money or no money.

Internally, money therefore ceases to count in a belligerent country in modern war. It is no longer, as in peacetime capitalism, prime mover and absolute standard of economic activity, but becomes a mere accounting device of limited use. Even in wartime international economics money becomes rapidly unimportant compared to physical and political availability of raw materials and plant capacity.

Not to understand this, which is the subject of Dr. Mendershausen's new book,* is not to understand the most important economic experience of the present war. Worse, it means not to understand why England and France in spite of their superior resources could not organize their industries in time to meet the German onslaught. Anyone who looks upon war economy as primarily a problem in finance instead of a problem in production is dangerously close to the Chamberlain-Daladier fallacy that being rich is in itself sufficient protection against burglars.

The question "How to pay for the war" can be left largely to the monetary technicians; finance will take care of itself provided production is well looked after. But "Who pays for the war" is one of the fundamental questions. There are certain technical arguments for and against financing a war by means of taxes in preference to loans. But they are unimportant compared to the vast differences in social incidence between taxes and loans as means of war-financing. And again there will be a tremendous social and political difference between loans that are being paid after the war, and loans that will be repudiated by inflation or national bankruptcy afterwards. The former, like the British war loans of the Napoleonic period, may become the foundation for the political power of a rentier class; the latter, like Germany's war loans in the last war, may lead to the destruction of the political, social, and economic power of the middle classes.

We have seen during the last two years what happens when a war economy runs counter in its political and social consequences to the political and social desires of the people. It has probably been true of every modern war that it was won by the side which accepted the changes imposed by the war economy as being in line with the general trend of social and political development. England's victory over Napoleon and the victory of the North in the Civil War are cases in point. But never before has fear of the social and political results of a war economy played such a decisive part as in the present war. It is the largest single cause of the French defeat and of the present English plight. The French and the English people felt that modern war-economy means the destruction of all the political and social ideals they treasured; and it was for this reason that they supported appeasement, blocked any attempt to prepare for war, and forced the idea of the "Sitzkrieg," of purely defensive warfare, upon leaders equally afraid of the social consequences of modern war economy. Any discussion of the problems of war economy today should, therefore, try to make war economy meaningful

—or at least bearable—from the point of view of the peace-time society after the war. All of us know, for instance, that production in war time must be under centralized control and on a mass production basis. But would it really be necessary to centralize all physical production in a few gigantic industrial areas as some economists believe? Or would it not be both more efficient industrially and infinitely more desirable socially to use the war economy in order to reorganize industry into smaller, regionally integrated units which, while large enough to enjoy all the benefits of mass production, would be decentralized enough to prevent monopolies and permanent state-capitalism? Hitler need not answer such a question. He had not only so few mass production industries to start with that the Germany of today, after seven years of war economics, is still less centralized in physical production than the United States, but he is also not interested in what happens after the war is over since he wants society to be always a war society.

Dr. Mendershausen is obviously aware of both the decline in the importance of money as against production, and the problem of the social consequences of the economics of war. But he mentions neither except for a few oblique references. He would probably argue that both are "political" questions outside the sphere of the economist, or at least outside the proper orbit of a popular textbook. But since they will dictate the nature and the effects of war economics, their omission makes his book appear rather unrealistic. His refusal to touch anything that would be regarded as a political issue prevents him from discussing this war and confines him largely to the lessons of the last one. As a historical review of past problems and past solutions, as a statistical compilation of basic data and as a popular description of some of the technical problems encountered by the defense program, the book has many merits. It is well written, simple, non-technical, and lucid. It contains an excellent bibliography for those who want to study the subject further. Yet the lay reader, for whom the book is written, could hardly obtain from it the understanding of the economic problems of present-day warfare and defense which the author promises.

Peter F. Drucker is the author of "The End of Economic Man."

**THE ECONOMICS OF WAR. By Horst Mendershausen. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1940. 314 pp. $2.75.*

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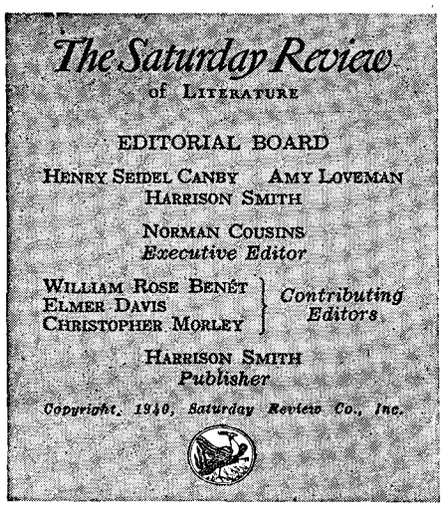

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE "WHAT'S WRONG" ARTICLES

Note: The editors have asked Maxwell Aley, formerly a publisher and now a well-known author's agent, to write an editorial for this page, in which he would comment on the articles, "What's Wrong with Authors!" by Bennett Cerf; "What's Wrong with Publishers!" by Burton Roscoe, and "Well, What's Wrong!" by Raymond T. Bond, published in this issue.

Mr. Aley's guest editorial follows:

THE symposium on Authors and Publishers, begun in the issue of October 12 with Mr. Bennett Cerf's "What's Wrong with Authors!" and continued in the November 2 number with Mr. Burton Rascoe's "What's Wrong with Publishers!" was started, we have been assured by *The Saturday Review,* with only the highest intentions. While Mr. Cerf pulled few punches in giving the publishers' side of the question, the authors may be said to have taken it lying down: violent protests, such as might have been expected, simply didn't appear. Mr. Rascoe's piece, with its airing of the allegedly dirty linen of the publishing business, threatened to produce a brawl. By letter, by telephone, and in person, the protests poured in. While Grub Street maintained an Olympian detachment from Mr. Cerf's attack (as perhaps befits genius?), Fourth and Madison Avenues, on reading Mr. Rascoe's diatribe, may be said to have burst into flame —generated, presumably, from heat under the collar. Mr. Rascoe's words were taken as fighting words.

Now the day of the horse-whip, literal or figurative, as a weapon of revenge for insults in the public prints, has, we believe passed; and we argued that nothing had better be done until the temperature of the publishing business returned to normal. It isn't quite normal yet; but our waiting has been rewarded by a reasoned and objective reply to Mr. Rascoe's "What's Wrong with Publishers!" by Mr. Raymond T. Bond of Dodd, Mead & Co., which appears in this number.

Mr. Bond gets down to brass tacks and hammers them in effectively. He discusses trade technicalities as the base of his argument, particularly as relates to Mr. Rascoe's remarks on the reprint and remainder questions. He states that the interests of the publisher and the author usually coincide on sales and sales policy. He makes his major point, however, when he says: "Mr. Rascoe, you seem to have overlooked the point that publishers and authors rise and fall together. . . . Publishing is a partnership, Mr. Rascoe, and suspicion and distrust such as I am afraid you have encouraged, can be very damaging."

Here emerges the most valuable fact which this symposium has produced. Whether you are an author, a publisher, a bookseller, or a buyer and reader of books, the state of good will and coöperation existing in what is generally referred to as "the book trade" is of vital interest to you. Indeed, no business in the world is more dependent on good will. Certainly if the state of affairs which Mr. Rascoe envisions were at all general, we should see a marked falling off in every branch of that business.

It used to be said that the publishing business was a "gentleman's game," and it prided itself on the fact that much of its business, particularly with authors, was done on the base of "gentlemen's agreements"—verbal promises which were as binding as any contract clause. Perhaps the business rigors of the last ten years have to some extent eliminated this; but had the integrity of the publishing business gone out the window, as Mr. Rascoe's statements indicate, all good will would have gone with it, and the entire book trade would be in a state of the doldrums, with desuetude gnawing at its vitals.

Instead, the healthy state of that trade today is an answer to both Mr. Cerf's opening remarks about the menace of Hollywood, and Mr. Rascoe's grim picture of moral turpitude among the publishers. The writing, publishing and selling of books have come healthily through the depression, and stood up to the competition of the radio, the motion picture, and the magazines with their "full length" one-shot novels. Compare the best-sellers of twenty years ago with those of today, and you will be surprised at the improvement in public taste—an improvement which the publishers have done much to foster by their support of serious authors and good books. The book clubs have risen in this period to be a major factor in book promotion and distribution. One novel, "Gone with the Wind," has outsold any novel since "Ben Hur," and any number of novels and non-fiction titles have gone into six-figure sales.

Beginning with the Cheney Report on the book trade, based on an exhaustive research made some ten years ago and paid for by the publishers themselves, the publishing business has steadily worked toward better business practice. It takes great risks, and it deals in many imponderables, chief of which is perhaps the author, whose product, thank God, can never be standardized. Personal factors enter into the author-publisher relationship on both sides, and undoubtedly that relationship is often, in the very nature of things, a difficult one. But any publisher knows that to run a profitable business he must satisfy the majority of his authors. As one publisher put it the other day, "Why, even a farmer realizes that you don't get cream from discontented cows! Well——?"

MAXWELL ALEY.

Night of Snow

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

NOW the thin leaf hangs motionless
The silent tree is lost
Within a circle of enchanted earth.
The hills give back the moon
Pale echoes of her light.
The great white wind begins to blow,
And in the hollow of the air,
Down some slow, invisible stair,
Drift the last syllables of snow.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Writing Down to Children

SIR:—This is a letter to the editor, something I rarely go in for. I thought Basil Davenport's article on the watering-down of juveniles (*SRL*, Nov. 16), a knockout, but I still wasn't going to write in and tell you so. But yesterday, at my dentist I met a fellow patient in the waiting-room, a child of five who was looking forward to her dentist visit because there was a FUNNY all about death-rays, plant men, and similar strong fodder. The child picked up the FUNNY and began to read where she had left off the week before. I got into conversation with the child's mother, who informed me she wouldn't keep FUNNIES at home. At home, her child read the usual juvenile stuff described by Davenport as "How the Little Locomotive Learned to Eat His Spinach" and that I describe as cheese-cake, to use a magazine term.

Of course, there is a personal angle to this letter as there is to all letters to editors. I have had personal experience with the cheese-cake psychology of juvenile editors. I once wrote a juvenile, testing it out on kids; a fantastic, satirical yarn about dog refugees banished from certain lands and arriving on these shores, and their adventures here, adventures that could not be illustrated with "handsome photographs." I am not a juvenile author. This was my first crack at it but like Davenport I was reared on juveniles with ideas. My nephews and nieces had been plaguing me for stories and I had been telling them all kinds of yarns about my dog, inventing them as I went along. I wrote this up. My agent at the time, one of the best agents in town, had a juvenile expert read the book. She approved of it. But the six or seven houses that saw the product were unanimous in rejecting it. It had satirical elements, one complained. A second declared, it isn't a regular juvenile since even adults could read it. Etc., etc. All I know is that kids have liked it, that the FUNNIES are read by millions of kids everywhere, that when elections and war are seriously discussed by youngsters everywhere, it is high time for the publishers of juveniles to brush the fog from their thinking processes, and to stop "the business of writing down to children" to use Davenport's sub-head. I don't believe in writing down for children, for adults, or for anybody. And therefore this letter.

BENJAMIN APPEL.

New York, N. Y.

SIR:—After Burton Rascoe's article, "What's Wrong with Publishers"—the most incompetent and misinformed piece of writing I have ever read in a reputable magazine—the editors certainly owed their readers something good and they gave it to them in Basil Davenport's article, "Water Babies—with Plain Water."

This article in a short space contains more sense about a child's mind and a child's reading than a score of pedantic reports of experts, psychologists, and other self-appointed guardians. Not so long ago, a children's book of ours by one of the most popular and ablest writers and illustrators in the field was criticized on the ground that it contained a picture of a "wicked stepmother." Wicked stepmothers apparently are out of fashion. Exit that fine malicious tribe who give such flavor to all folklore, fable and fairy tale.

THOMAS R. COWARD.

New York, N. Y.

"Fortunately, my husband is ambidextrous."

Begins the Deluge

SIR:—As a critic of seventeen years standing, I should like to see you run an article on "What's Wrong With the Critics?" and you might follow that with one on What's Wrong With the Book-Buyers? and What's Wrong With the Book-Sellers?

This is merely a suggestion.

I fancy that the two articles you printed on authors and publishers did not please many readers; but still that sort of article nevertheless has its values and people read them—for better or for worse.

LLOYD ESHLEMAN.

New York, N. Y.

(*Editor's Query: How many readers agree with Mr. Eshleman?*)

"Newspapers and the Election"

SIR:—Mr. Cousins's editorial, "Newspapers and the Election," [November 16] makes quite a mystery of a matter which, it seems to me, is quite simple.

The newspapers were for Willkie because publishers recognized in him a better friend for big business, of which they are a part. Those with small incomes were for Roosevelt, because they recognized that he has been for them. For years the Republican party sugared the rich successfully; Roosevelt has taught the Democratic party how to honey the poor—and that they have a lot more votes.

CASS CULLIS.

The Bryan Democrat,
Bryan, Ohio.

SIR:—Your editorial on "Newspapers and the Election" was very interesting and gratifying; gratifying because it shows that the voters in the country read newspapers not for opinions but for such items as biased news, comics, sports and fashions.

What surprised me most is the comment that: "There has been nothing since the turn of the century to capture the national imagination as did William Allen White's editorial, 'What's the Matter with Kansas'?"

I believe that two other editorials have surpassed the one by White; they have also caught American imaginations in a web of pretty fancy. I refer to Francis P. Church's editorial "Is There a Santa Claus?" and Harold Anderson's "Lindbergh Flies Alone." Both appeared in the *New York Sun*. Church's classic was written a year after White's (in 1897) while Anderson's appeared in 1927, "after the turn of the century."

HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

New York, N. Y.

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Man-Made Earthquake

THE REVOLUTION IS ON. By M. W. Fodor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 239 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. CHAMBERS

AMONG the many people who have seen France fall M. W. Fodor is one of the most experienced journalistic observers. And his story of the lightning sweep of the German armies across Belgium into France last May (the author was in Brussels when the Germans launched their drive) is full of vivid color and of observations of permanent interest and value.

The main cause of the German victory, as Mr. Fodor notes, was the mass exploitation of two non-German inventions, the tank and the airplane. Along with this went a typically German thorough mastery of the details of organization. As little as possible was left to chance. When good weather favored the onrush of the German mechanized divisions it was not a matter of good luck, but of expert advance surveys of the German meteorological service. When the Dutch thought they would hinder an invader by removing road signs in frontier regions the Germans simply had their officers memorize the maps of the regions in question.

Political infiltration and intrigue went hand in hand with military preparation; one German agent specialized in exchanging the soothing syrup of peace and goodwill with Dutch Buchmanites while at the same time carrying on fifth column activity among Nazi sympathizers. One might take issue with Mr. Fodor on one or two military points. It is very doubtful, in the light of the terrific disparity in modern equipment which existed between the French and German armies, whether France would have benefited by taking the offensive; the collapse would have only come about sooner. And the Maginot Line, in its original form, could not have been prolonged to the sea because the hills of Lorraine which favored the construction of those huge underground catacomb fortresses give way to flat and sandy country near the shore. A more justified criticism would have been that the French and British, after spending a good deal of time building up a reasonably strong defensive line near the Belgian frontier, left this line and rushed into Belgium, into a trap, as it proved, at the time of the invasion.

As the title suggests, the book is not merely a repetition of the well-worn story of France's collapse. It is an attempt to describe and analyze the world-wide sweep of revolution

M. W. Fodor was one of those who saw it happen in France.

which, as Mr. Fodor believes, has generally assumed the form of national socialism in the Soviet Union, Germany, Italy, and Japan. The author gives some valuable background material about the origins of fascism and national socialism and correctly sees the root of the present revolutionary era in world politics in the World War, with its terrific destruction of life and property and subsequent economic dislocations and psychological unsettlement.

He repeats one of his former predictions that Germany and the Soviet Union will clash at the Bosphorus. This seems likely to be put to a factual test soon; it is possible that Mr. Fodor, who is less familiar with the Soviet Union than with Germany and Italy, does not fully recognize the implications of the great technical inferiority of the Russian communist to the German fascist brand of the totalitarian state. In other words, Stalin, whatever may be his subjective wishes, is scarcely in an objective position to risk a war with Germany that could possibly be avoided.

The author ends with a message of qualified optimism for America:

"With goodwill, forethought, cleverness, and sagacity the revolution can still be converted into evolution on these shores. And in achieving this a great task awaits the youth of America."

Reading on the Run

THE NEWS AND HOW TO UNDERSTAND IT. By Quincy Howe. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 250 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by PAUL BIXLER

NOTABLY there is no talk in this book of that simian curiosity which once was supposed to pull man irresistibly toward the latest news. Today, in the midst of a second world war, the headlines scream, the very air you breathe is full of sound and fury, and if any man still has his curiosity, he must occasionally regret it. I am not sure that Quincy Howe has called the turn, however. He says that people read or listen to the news on three counts: for profit, for pleasure or stimulation, and for escape.

Possibly because it is the pleasure motif which seems to interest him most, there are passages which might more fittingly have been entitled "The News and How to Have Fun With It." He seems under constant dread that his words will be dull, and while this has stimulated him to burlesque a number of typical news columns and news broadcasts—an exercise which turns out to be informative as well as entertaining — elsewhere it compels him to perform too many rhetorical contortions.

The body of his book is filled with fascinating stuff about syndicates, columnists, news magazines, foreign correspondents, radio networks, and radio commentators. But one confusion is apparent almost everywhere; although the author repeatedly says that he is writing about international news, there is no notice of this in the title, and he constantly slips over into consideration of other aspects. Furthermore, his style is clipped and peripatetic, and his facts sometimes turn out to be incomplete or unsatisfactory. There are too many non sequiturs and too many half-reasoned conclusions. The Henry Luce who was unaware of the reactionary trend of *Time,* for example, is hardly the same Henry Luce pictured elsewhere as a "magazine genius." And to say that we know far less about what has really been happening in Europe since September, 1939, than we did during the corresponding period of the last war *because of the technical excellence of communications* seems too astounding not to be accompanied with an explanation.

This is no handbook for freshmen in journalism or even for sophomores. Yet it has value for any adult who is already somewhat acquainted with the news and its sources, who is skeptical, and who doesn't mind being sum-

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marily treated now and then. The best of the book falls in the last two chapters. Here it finally comes clear what Mr. Howe means when he says that to get the most out of reading or listening to the news you must become conscious of your own prejudice. In one chapter an excellent working view of propaganda is followed by twelve brief precepts which most followers of the news will find very suggestive. In the other the author becomes his own guinea pig, introduces seven hypotheses which he holds concerning the international situation, and then illustrates the hypotheses with one of his own broadcasts.

Paul Bixler is head of the Antioch College Library.

Quincy Howe wants you to become conscious of your prejudices.

How Presidents Are Made

THE PRESIDENT MAKERS, 1896 to 1919. By Matthew Josephson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 584 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

SOME twenty odd years as reviewer and reviewee have led me to the belief that the job of a reviewer is not to point out such errors as are bound to occur in the work of any scholar, no matter how profound, but to inform the possible reader or purchaser what sort of book the author has written and in general how good or interesting it is (unless reviewing for a distinctly technical journal).

From that standpoint I found the title of Mr. Josephson's book oddly misleading. I had expected a series of studies of such men as Hanna, Lodge, House, or others who had helped to make Presidents, and primarily of how they did it. In fact, the book as I see it is written from precisely the other angle. In the main the volume deals with the Presidents and not their makers. There are four—McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson.

An enormous amount of history has indeed been packed into this book, but if it is not fundamentally a study of President makers, neither is it by any means a complete general history of the years embraced. It is rather a study of the Presidential office—of how a man attains to it and of what influences he is subjected to after he is in it. It is the story of a couple of dozen of the most important years in our history focussed on the developing careers of the men in the White House.

It is an interesting point of view from which to watch the American scene and I know no other book quite like it. In general, it is accurate factually, and although the author apparently belongs to what we call in the jargon of the day, "the left," his bias does not hurt the fair balance of his work. There are passages and even chapters in which the author's interest in general history carries him, in my opinion, too far from his main thesis and leads him to write general history of the ordinary type instead of carrying his chief theme through on a straight line. Yet I have to say for myself that, over-fed as I am on books, pamphlets, and articles on our past, I read the entire volume through with rapt attention.

Like all worth-while books, it does not belong to one period only. Although it deals with the years 1896-1919 there are innumerable passages which illuminate the present, and which give the work a vivid and immediate interest for us of 1940. The "unseen hands" which manipulated Theodore Roosevelt are perhaps doing their delicate manipulation today, as they always will. The inevitable pro-British policy noted for the late 1890's has had its exemplification in the World War of 1917 and in our policy at the moment. If Theodore Roosevelt admitted that economic questions, although the most important in his day, were beyond him, have we advanced much further? The author traces the alliance between business and politics a short period behind Roosevelt but he might have traced it back to the grasping "Lords of the Valley" and others greedy of land to the earliest godly Commonwealths of Puritan New England, and even to the Babylonians, Assyrians, and Sumerians.

In my opinion the book is worth reading and worth owning.

James Truslow Adams is at present engaged in editing a new edition of James M. Beck's "The Constitution of the United States."

Author, Author!

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN ("Days of Our Years") spoke in Chicago before an audience of thousands during the course of his current lecture tour. The crowd was so large that overflow gatherings had to be arranged in other parts of the building. After his speech the author appeared briefly before his listeners in another hall. He was then led to another room where he found himself confronted with fifty people and fifty dogs. Mr. Van Paassen thought someone was pulling a gag on him, until he realized that they were Seeing Eye dogs whose blind masters had listened to his speech through loudspeakers.

★ ★

Eric Ambler has given Ben Hecht permission to dramatize his popular spy novel, "Journey into Fear." The details were managed with some difficulty by cable since Mr. Ambler is on duty in the English forces; in the meantime Mr. Hecht got ahead with his play. . . . *Constancia de la Mora* and her publishers are being sued for $1,000,000 by *Errol Flynn,* the movie actor, because of statements in Miss de la Mora's "In Place of Splendor" concerning Mr. Flynn's visit to Spain during the Civil War. . . . *Ernest Hemingway* and *Martha Gellhorn* ("The Trouble I've Seen," "A Stricken Field") were married November 21st. Both were in Spain during the Civil War. Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is dedicated to Miss Gellhorn. . . . *Ogden Nash* ("The Face Is Familiar") has gone to Hollywood on a special assignment for MGM. . . . *Vardis Fisher* has delivered the manuscript of "City of Illusion," an American historical novel about early life in the Far West. . . . *William McFee* has just been elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. . . . New members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters include Carl Sandburg, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Ralph Adams Cram and Henry Osborn Taylor.

★ ★

Despite his arrest by the British Government in India and his sentence of four years in jail, *Jawaharlal Nehru's* autobiography will appear next February as scheduled. The Indian Nationalist leader mailed final material for the book a short while before his arrest. Most of the book was written in prison; Mr. Nehru has previously served seven terms because of his political beliefs. . . . *M. W. Fodor* ("The Revolution Is On") has joined the faculty of the Illinois Institute of Technology.

★ ★

Robert Nathan's broadcast over CBS on November 30th, when he planned to read poems from his most recent volume, "A Winter Tide," had to be postponed from 1 o'clock to 4:30 P.M., because it conflicted with the Army-Navy football game which was scheduled for the same coast-to-coast hookup.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

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Medical Pioneer

HUGH YOUNG. A Surgeon's Autobiography. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 554 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by EUGENE DE SAVITSCH

IN the medical world Hugh Young is invariably spoken of in capital letters. He holds a place second to none in the field of urology, and his contributions to diagnosis and surgical treatment over the last forty years form a shining star in the crown of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Without further words (or without any words beyond the announcement of publication) this book will attract a considerable audience from doctors and would-be doctors, who will find special interest in Dr. Young's descriptions of the treatments and operative procedures which he considers essentially his own. Through these records the author succeeds in giving not only a good account of himself but an excellent picture of the step-by-step evolution of all surgery from a basic conception to a precise technique. A distinct textbook flavor, however, will be sure to discourage many a lay reader unless it is understood at the start that the bulk of the technical material has been wisely segregated in the middle of the book, where it can be skipped if the going becomes too heavy.

Dr. Young's story goes back in time to include a few robust exploits by his grandfather in Texas during the pre-Mexican War era, when a gun was as indispensable with a frock coat and high silk hat as with a hunting outfit. Further brief glimpses of a day that is gone emerge from the account which the author gives of his father's life in the Confederate Army and of his subsequent return to Texas where, "It was bad form to ask anyone where he came from, or why. . . . The Civil War had liberated great numbers of soldiers who would not live under the carpet-baggers in the South. Many still refused to swear allegiance to the United States, and entered the army of Maximilian."

The author's own life in medical pioneering has been as exciting in its way as that of his fighting father and grandfather. His profession occupies the central place in his story but he includes also the tangents, visits to South America, India, Mexico, and Hawaii, interludes of fishing, hunting, and otherwise enjoying the natural blessings of Maryland; a succession of legislative coups and civic promotions for raising the standard of civilized life in Maryland. Several chapters are devoted to Dr. Young's work and observations with the Medical Corps of the A.E.F. in Europe during and after the World War. His candid discussion of the realistic manner in which venereal diseases were dealt with (in the face of convincing evidence that purity crusades were not highly regarded by soldiers whose days might be numbered) recalls Dr. Parrin's courageous campaign. Humorous anecdotes are plentiful; not all of them are as chaste as the one about the author's visit to Buckingham Palace when he asked a servant for Haig and Haig and was served with the Cockney translation—two boiled eggs.

From the drawing by William Orpen
Dr. Hugh Young

Sketches of Dr. Young's famous patients and friends are scattered through the book. Diamond Jim Brady appears in his usual colorful personality and also as a great boon to Johns Hopkins University. (The Brady Institute, despite an inadequate endowment, provided Dr. Young with permanent facilities for carrying on his work.) Other well known persons, including Woodrow Wilson, figure most prominently as medical case histories, proving that charity wards have no monopoly on interesting symptoms. Dr. Young is sometimes disappointingly cursory; occasionally his subject matter is of limited interest, but a book so rich in unusual and varied material can afford a few minor flaws.

Dr. Eugene de Savitsch is the author of the recently published "In Search of Complications."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Tennyson: "To Virgil."
2. Swinburne: "Christopher Marlowe."
3. Meredith: "The Spirit of Shakespeare."
4. Wordsworth: "London, 1802." (To Milton.)
5. Byron: "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." (To Crabbe.)
6. Shelley: "To Wordsworth."
7. Arnold: "Memorial Verses." (To Byron.)
8. Rossetti: "John Keats."
9. Landor: "To Robert Browning."
10. Hardy: "George Meredith."

Modern Hospital

BELLEVUE. By Lorraine Maynard in collaboration with Laurence Miscall, M.D. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1940. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

THIS book is written in a worthy cause. It is written against the garish view, dear to the morbid and the sensational, of Bellevue as a place of horror and misery, tempered by the "romance" of medicine. The authors set out to tell the truth about Bellevue Hospital. It turns out that the people who go to Bellevue are as varied and as human as any others, and that in this vast, quickly turned-over population there are all the "dramas" that one can require, from the simple and humorous to the shockingly sensational. The background provided for the very poor sick of New York is a crack modern, scientifically administered hospital, and the best story this book has to tell is of the people in Bellevue and how they react to this civilized institution.

They react in every way, more openly than in most other places, and the difficulty of humanity in the mass, the sick, the poor, and the alien, in adjusting itself to what civilization and science have determined is best for it, becomes clamant. Those who academically plan out just how society should go about bringing medical aid to the community have much to learn from this book, for nowhere has it been so clearly shown that reason and organization, science and sociology, will fail unless the psychological set-up of the patient is taken into account. With all its excellence, Bellevue is constantly running into superstition, ignorance, and stupidity that must be overcome before any rational procedure can be instituted. That the hospital faces this as a familiar problem is evident from this book, where it is strikingly illustrated in many "human interest stories."

Besides the human and sociological interest, the reader obtains a very good picture, well illustrated in much detail, of the inner workings of a great modern hospital. What Bellevue really is and does is presented to offset the obsolescent prejudice and fear that its name unfortunately connotes for many people, largely for historical reasons, the shadow of a vague tradition that still surrounds the "Ritz for the bums." The frankly journalistic style of the book detracts in no way from its effect or purpose, which is that of honest reporting.

Bertram D. Lewin collaborated on a translation of Fenichel's "Outline of Clinical Psychoanalysis."

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Baltimore Surgeon

A SURGEON'S LIFE: The Autobiography of J. M. T. Finney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 395 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

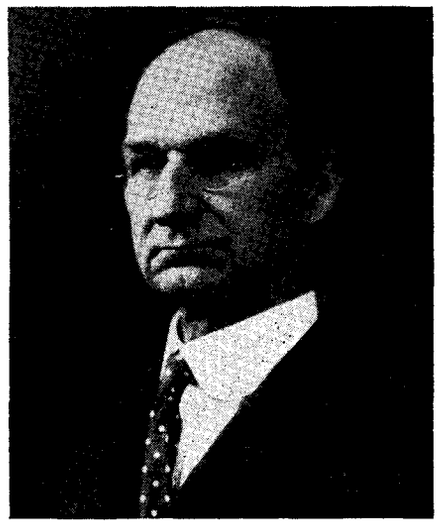
ON May 7, 1889 the eyes of all alert young medical men were turned towards Baltimore. It was the day of the formal opening of Johns Hopkins Hospital. Not only was this the first time in American history that a medical institution free from tradition had been turned over to a group of young scientists, but their leaders were all known to have been trained in the theories and principles of the new order—the order precipitated by the discoveries of Pasteur, Koch, Virchow, and only just emerging on this side of the Atlantic. It was a gala occasion for visiting young medicos, but to no one was it more fateful than to twenty-six year old John Finney who had journeyed down from Boston's Massachusetts General with a letter to Dr. Halsted in his pocket and a prayer in his heart. Letter and prayer prevailed, and he returned to Boston with the coveted appointment on the new hospital's surgical staff. Thus began the association that was to determine the young doctor's destiny and to remain uninterrupted for more than fifty years.

Dr. Finney attributes much of the good fortune that has been his to his forbears. His was, as he says "a goodly heritage," for he came from "Scotch-Irish and English stock, long-lived, God-fearing, well educated, and public spirited." His father was a country parson with the usual meagre salary, but blessed with many relatives and devoted friends who among them provided not only a happy childhood for his motherless son, but the best education the country afforded for an aspiring physician. At Princeton young Finney became more famed for football than scholastic prowess; he rowed in the college crew, wrestled, enjoyed himself hugely. Then came three fruitful years at the Harvard Medical School and the excitement of newly awakened intellectual interests and of friendships destined to be lifelong; graduation and appointment on the Resident Surgical Staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital. And then Baltimore.

After a year with Johns Hopkins it became necessary to consider earning a living. Dr. Finney hung out his shingle and divided his time between his work at the hospital and waiting for patients to come to his office. But they came very slowly. "The first year my professional income amounted to just slightly over $200." But as the years went on his practice grew, until it included every type of patient, even such distinguished personages, as Theodore Roosevelt and his daughter, and President and Mrs. Wilson. He contributed greatly to the high standing of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, for thirty-eight years he assisted the unique Dr. William Halsted of whom he tells many amusing stories, he found time to serve on civic and educational projects, he was offered and rejected the presidency of Princeton University. When the First World War broke out, he became director of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Unit, and before the war was over he had been made Brigadier General and was the Chief Consultant in Surgery to the A.E.F.

But personal accomplishments to Dr. Finney were merely a part of the day's work. Never was a man freer of egoism. He obviously had a genius for friendship, and as he reviews his long, happy life it is the memories of these friends, his family, colleagues, students, and patients that give him the greatest pleasure. His intimate portraits of Johns Hopkins's Big Four, Osler, Halsted, Welch, and Kelly, will delight all who knew this extraordinary quartet. His story abounds in anecdotes, many amusing, some significant, some trifling, but all told in the easy, informal manner we associate with a pipe and an open fire. The net result is a lovable, folksy book, the tale of a happy man to whom human relations are supremely important. Dr. Finney is assured of a niche in America's Medical Hall of Fame. But that he is probably the most widely beloved of any surgeon of his times he owes to attributes other than professional—to his sunny nature and the expansive generosity of his spirit, qualities reflected again and again in this his autobiography.

Mabel S. Ulrich is a graduate of the Johns Hopkins Medical School.



Dr. Arthur E. Hertzler

Toward a Longer Life

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENTS: The American Domestic Scene as viewed by the Family Doctor. By Arthur E. Hertzler, M.D. Harper & Brothers. 1940. 316 *pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by MURRAY BASS, M.D.

THE real aim of the book is to present to the reader a rather lurid picture of the American family; lurid, insofar as it is seen in the blinding glare thrown upon it by the physician's flashlight. Dr. Hertzler leads us through life, beginning with childhood, then adolescence, youth, courtship, and marriage.

It is interesting to note that many times in the book Dr. Hertzler stresses the fact that love and sex need not be closely connected. Thus he says: "It might help a little if people could get the very obvious fact into their fool heads that the sex act has nothing to do with love."

The place of the child not only in the family and its relation to its parents but also its place in the world greatly interests the author. His plea for a better understanding of childhood and youth is splendid. The chapters on the bringing up of our children and the child-parent relationship might well be read by all parents. He is quite alive to the fact that the parents of today have much to learn from their children and he emphasizes what so many educators, social-workers, and physicians realize, namely, that when we blame children and young folks for conduct which we deplore, we have overlooked the fact that it is we, the adults, who have permitted childhood to become polluted by environment and conditions which we ourselves have failed to correct. As the author says: "The moral atmosphere which surrounds our young people is measured by a commercial yardstick." It is therefore incumbent upon us to change our whole tone of life so that our young people will grow up healthier in mind and spirit,—it is by emphasizing the improvement of the child that we may hope to improve the race. "If we can but get the idea that the highest things in life are exemplified by the child, and that sex, a necessary thing, is inimical to the highest sentiments which the human being is capable of reaching, we will see a new civilization."

It was of interest to the reviewer to note the complete absence of any reference to the psychologist or psychoanalyst in this book. The treatment of all the ailing people who passed through its pages seem to have been with sedatives and homely, old fashioned common sense advice. Perhaps that is best. Who knows?

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Female Explorers in the Near East

I. GERTRUDE BELL

GERTRUDE BELL. By Ronald Bodley and Laura Hearst. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 260 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

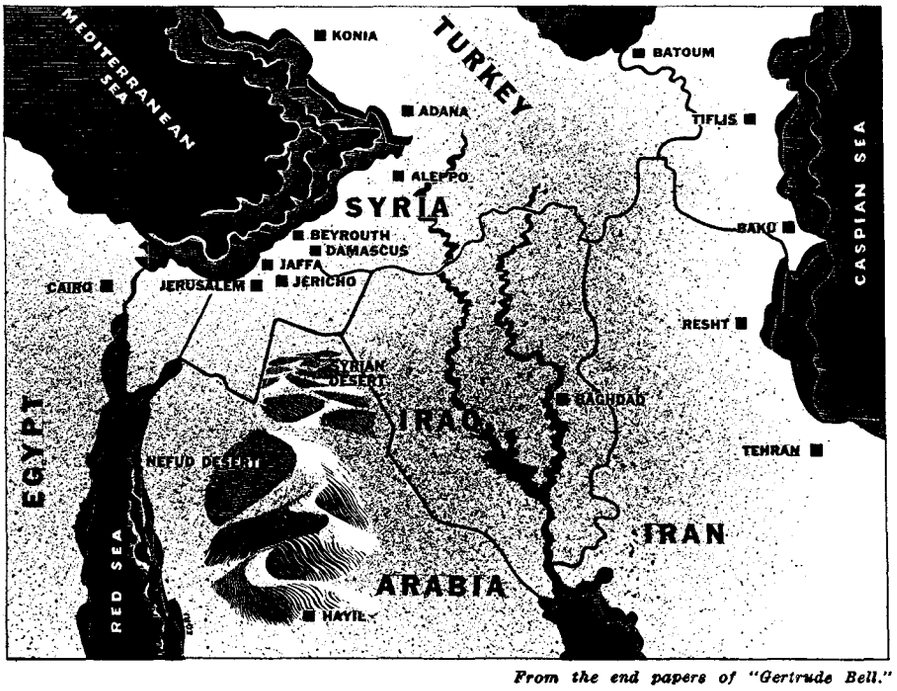
Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

"I FANCY," wrote Gertrude Bell, "that when you have drunk the milk of the naga (the camel mother) over the camp fire of Abu Tayyi you are baptised of the desert and there is no other salvation for you." Lady Hester Stanhope had already found this true and settled contentedly among the Druses; Freya Stark was to make the wild Hadramaut her home. But of these three voluntary women exiles it is Gertrude Bell perhaps who came closest to an understanding of the desert and the most different Arab tribes, while retaining, miraculously, her allegiance to the world of English society, of clothes, the theatre, and art. She was an explorer; she lived with the hardest of men; she took a man's part in the foundation and administration of Iraq, but essentially and superficially she was feminine.

As a child and an adolescent she showed no especial qualities which could indicate even to her family the course that her life and her "salvation" would take. She was independent, she was studious, but equally she was fond of the gay fripperies of Victorian England. Romantic biographers have suggested that her devotion to the East dated from the death of Henry Cadogan, the man she loved in Persia during her first visit there when she was twenty-four. It was not long thereafter that she began the serious study of Near Eastern languages and organized caravans at her own expense to visit remote sections of Arabia. Her journey to far Hayil —a journey so arduous that even her native servants mutinied—and her imprisonment in a harem there did nothing to damp her love of that cruel land. Subsequently her interest in archaeology gave her the chance to excavate with several brilliant scientists, among them T. E. Lawrence whose Arab revolt she was to aid in 1917 and 1918 by her excellent maps and the mass of information she had collected about the tribal elements.

Such is the heroine-worship of this book's authors that they imply, erroneously, that Gertrude Bell alone was responsible for the selection of Feisal as King of Iraq, and they do not hesitate to call Lawrence "the little man," "a crank." Gertrude, an "administrator," actually served an office much more important than that, in that by her learning, her sympathy, and her social talents she brought together amicably the warring factions of the country.

Though this biography is in no way interpretive of its subject the strange and admirable personality of Gertrude Bell cuts through, particularly in the too few fine letters quoted.



From the end papers of "Gertrude Bell."

II. FREYA STARK

WINTER IN ARABIA. By Freya Stark. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 328 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

IT was in November, 1937, that Freya Stark set forth without a police escort from Mukalla, the Hadhramaut port, and with this intrepid lady explorer were two other Englishwomen—Alinur, the geologist, and an unnamed, humorless, tactless archaeologist.

"Winter in Arabia" is Miss Stark's absorbing account of the adventures and misadventures of that hundred-day expedition to excavate and study the long-buried ruins of earlier civilizations, and of her own subsequent return journey alone by a different route through territory hitherto unknown to white women. The attitude toward women of the people with whom she had to deal was reflected by a liberal-minded Hadhramaut Sayyid, who told Miss Stark: "I am not averse to women's education, so long as it is not *excessive*. If it carried on to the age of nine and then stops, I do not think it can do any harm."

Freya Stark's experiences will not arouse yearnings in the fastidious and the timid. The party experienced genuine hardships and dangers, from irreconcilable, fanatical Moslems, as well as from nature, filth, and disease, and you can well understand why British officialdom's hair almost greyed prematurely as Miss Stark, for years, moved through the wilder parts of the East unattended and without permission.

Miss Stark's insight into Oriental character may be attributed in part to her ability to speak Arabic (as well as Persian), which she learned thoroughly while living in Bagdad, where she did newspaper work. But that only paved the way for her extensive travels in Arabia, Persia, and other sections of the East, where, as Sir Kinahan Cornwallis writes in a foreword, she enjoyed a "privileged position" because she treated the proud, essentially human native "as he should be treated, as a friend and an equal," punctiliously observing and requiring observance of the elaborate social amenities, whether the occasion was a confab with chieftains beside an oasis or a visit with the inmates of a Sultan's harem, about whom she reveals much interesting information.

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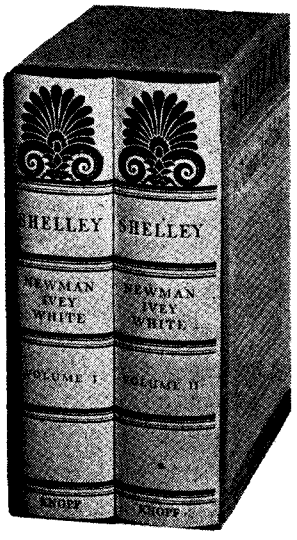
By Newman Ivey White



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The Fastidious Mr. Wescott

THE PILGRIM HAWK. By Glenway Wescott. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 127 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

"IN the twenties it was not unusual to meet foreigners in some country as foreign to them as to you, your peregrination just crossing theirs; and you did your best to know them in an afternoon or so . . ." This long short story takes place in a village near Paris, in 1928 or 1929. The American narrator is staying with "my great friend Alexandra Henry," a rich young lady who takes too much for granted. One afternoon in May, a long black Daimler, driven by a pert English chauffeur, drives up to Miss Henry's house and disgorges two unexpected guests.

The Cullens are Irish. Mrs. Cullen does not love her husband as much as she thinks she ought to love him. She carries a hawk on her wrist, bestowing immoderate attentions upon it—and this, the culmination of a whole series of episodes, fills Mr. Cullen with mortification. Growing somewhat drunk on pre-war vodka, he tries first to get rid of the hawk, then to assassinate the chauffeur, or possibly himself. The chauffeur has also been making eyes at Miss Henry's cook, thereby infuriating the cook's husband. It is quite a full afternoon.

Many writers, attempting to say so much about love, and in so small a space, and using such violent imagery, would be either pompous or nonsensical. Oddly enough, Mr. Wescott is neither of these things. He is a fastidious writer; he tries to build within the world as it is an image of the world as he would have it be. The Cullens, it is true, are somewhat demiurgic; they are a little more than life-size; and as they bump around they damage the delicate fabric of Mr. Wescott's world. Things begin to leak in from the outside—stray bits of philosophy, irrelevant imaginings. In other words, there is rather more in this story than it will hold. Yet the fact remains that Mr. Wescott is a gifted and sensitive writer; he can hold the reader to the end. The reader merely wishes either that he had said less or that he had said more. This strange, suggestive, and not altogether satisfactory tale is like a novel in embryo; and if this means that a full-length novel is on its way, that will be extraordinarily good news.

George Platt Lynes

Glenway Wescott

The Squire and Some Characters

HE AND HIS. By Reginald Carter. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 460 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.

THOSE who can imagine themselves absorbed in "Pride and Prejudice" in the midst of a storm at sea (the circumstance under which Tomlinson found Henry James inadequate) should enjoy this choice evocation of a scene as remote from the present in its unquestioning self-containment as Longbourn and Netherfield. The point of view in "He and His" is no less suggestive of Jane Austen than its world, which, apart from an interlude at Oxford, is bounded by the House and the Rectory. The period, however, is half a century later, although the author confines himself so faithfully to the horizons of his characters that only the chance introduction of an American Southerner fresh from the war enables one to date it with respect to outside events.

The He of the title is the Squire of Fray, a good-hearted and robust ruler whose benevolent paternalism inclines him to regard his fellows as prize cattle. The His thus includes most of the other characters—if not the Squire's mother, the beautifully distinguished lady who presides at Fray, certainly the Rector, an honest and devoted soul whose simple enjoyment of life is tempered by a shrewish wife, his Anglican orthodoxy by a rueful suspicion that "we are apes suffering from a sort of megalomania." Among the other principals are two charming girls with all the qualifications for marriage, including discretion, and the Squire's two sons. It is the irregularity of the elder's birth (he being the Squire's offspring in fact but not in law, while the younger is the Squire's in law but not in fact) that starts the plot in motion when it reaches the ears of an indigent Major and his wife who find themselves not incapable of blackmail.

The author writes as if he were a guest in the household—one with absolutely no concerns of his own, whom nothing escapes and nothing upsets, even murder and suicide. In its smoothness, his style serves as a perfect background for the pungency of his observation. In its quality of ironical urbanity, it is as tickling to one's membranes as the prelude to a sneeze.

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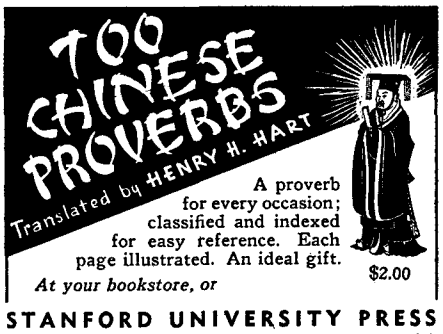

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One Girl, One Summer

HILDRETH. By Harlow Estes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES SMYTH

EXCEPTIONAL balance and breadth of perspective distinguish this 1940 winner of the $10,000 *Redbook*—Dodd, Mead award. It shows none of the strain evident in so many first novels whose authors are too close to their material or too involved with it. With the intelligent sympathy possible only to a mature person Mrs. Estes recounts the events of one critical summer in the life of a nineteen-year-old girl. In June Hildreth is a fiercely humorless child, arbitrary about human behavior, intolerant of human weakness, utterly ignorant of human needs and motives, and driven by the frenzy of adolescence to clasp the sword to her breast whenever possible. By September she is beginning to grow up, well started on the road to wisdom and understanding. Most of her misconceptions lie shattered at her feet; she has found out that people have reasons for their actions very different from those she had always taken for granted; she has been forced to recognize that her insistence on what others should do has caused more harm than good.

The creation of Hildreth is a fine achievement. The author's tenderness toward her does not save the young heroine from being presented as a frequent thorn in the side of everyone around. Like justice is accorded her fellow-characters: her silly mother, her lovely, newly-widowed aunt, the troubled young man, Geoffrey.

In developing her story Mrs. Estes repeats again and again the pattern of ignorance and misunderstanding which is most conspicuous in Hildreth's own procedure. Most of the characters make inaccurate assumptions about one another, and, in consequence, act mistakenly and interpret actions wrongly. Everyone believes, for example, that Hildreth's aunt hated her husband, whom she in fact adored. Geoffrey wants to wipe out the memory of this presumably unhappy marriage; Hildreth despises her for having submitted to it; her sisters offers intolerable comiseration. Similarly false and preconceived ideas determine to a great extent the relations and conduct of the others. Mrs. Estes handles this interplay of error extraordinarily well, maintaining the equilibrium that is in command throughout the book.

Nature in Conflict with Man

RENNI: THE RESCUER. By Felix Salten. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1940. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

MR. SALTEN has already established himself in the affections of American readers by the innocent, childlike world which he has created for them in his successive animal-stories: "Bambi," "Bambi's Children," and "Perri." It is a grim world, of course, for in it virtue and evil oppose each other tensely, but a world in which virtue is sure of its reward, in which the fox, the hawk, and the sinister "He" with the fire-stick are always defeated at last by such a coalition of wisdom and strength as Bambi the deer represents.

Though this novel has its setting on the present battlefields of Europe, the world Mr. Salten depicts is still a world for children, a world of which the pure in heart need have no fear. George, Renni's human master, is perhaps only a child's hero, for he has not the wisdom or the understanding of the world in which he lives which made Bambi notable even for grown-ups. Bambi was never quite so innocent. Renni is a police-dog whom George has trained from puppyhood, without using any form of punishment, to find and rescue wounded men on the battlefield. He adores George, learns his job thoroughly, and performs with the blind servility and faithfulness of a good soldier. When thunder at last crashes over Europe and the call to service comes, George and Renni set out together through the pelting steel to do good. Together they rescue innumerable soldiers, including Karl, who before the war had regarded with contempt the effort to train a dog for red-cross work without whipping him.

Mr. Salten has shown, in other books, that he was at home with the struggle for survival as it manifests itself in the world of nature. But, like many others, his mind cannot cope with this world of warfare; he does not understand it, and neither do his heroes. Bambi, we remember, caught our imagination because he was always so thoroughly master of his difficult environment. But George and Renni are merely story-book figures moving through an unconvincing and strangely innocent shambles.

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WELL, WHAT'S WRONG!

(*Continued from page 4*)

necessarily have to wait until his original sales taper off before he looks around for a reprint house to carry on. If the book has an enthusiastic press on its publication, more than one reprint house may bid for it there. If the author already has a fine record of best sellers to his credit, the reprint house may even want to sign up when the first announcement is made that this author has started a new manuscript. It would be a very special case, but it might happen.

I feel you are also confused—but I confess I cannot explain how—when you say that you once saw a reprint selling at $1.89, in a Lexington Avenue drugstore, before the release date of the original edition of the book, selling at $4.00 through the regular booksellers. I think your eyes deceived you. If it did happen, it certainly was not the normal procedure. The dates when reprint issues may be released are more or less controlled by an advisory body called the Joint Board of Publishers and Booksellers. Some years ago this group specifically recommended a minimum period of one year from publication for issuing a cheaper edition or "reprint" of a fiction title and two years for a non-fiction title. There are exceptions to these general recommendations, such as special "motion picture" editions, but these exceptions are, as a rule, submitted by the publisher to the Joint Board for decision. The Joint Board is advisory only and cannot compel a publisher to abide by its rulings, but its recommendations carry weight with both booksellers and publishers. And why would a publisher put his capital into a $4.00 edition and then simultaneously release a competing cheap edition to kill off the original sale? And how long, Mr. Rascoe, do you suppose the booksellers would stand for such shenanigans? Privately, between us, no lone timber wolf on a lonely mountain side by moonlight on a winter's night could vie with the disconsolate howl that would arise from their circle. And rightly. Copies of the original edition would come tumbling back on the publisher and the publisher's salesman on his next rounds to the trade would have a very sorry time.

YOU are also wrong, Mr. Roscoe, in the importance you attach to the wholesale contract between authors and publishers and the part this type of contract plays in the whole publishing set-up. Let's see just what a wholesale contract is. Briefly, there are two methods by which an author's royalties may be figured. The usual way is by a percentage of the retail price of the book. This percentage customarily begins at 10 per cent (although in many instances it begins higher) and rises to 15 per cent as the sales increase. The other and far less usual method is by a percentage of the wholesale price of the book—the amount which the publisher receives from the bookseller. Since publishers have found that their discounts to booksellers and jobbers average about 42 per cent of the retail price, that figure is almost always used as the basis of the wholesale price.

In other words, by the wholesale contract the author receives his royalties on 58 per cent of the *retail* price (the 100 per cent selling price less the 42 per cent discount). But in this type of contract royalties begin at 15 per cent and rise to 25 per cent. The difference between the two contracts amounts to less than four cents per copy on a $2.50 book.

But why this difference? Why a wholesale contract at all? Simply because there are occasional situations where a publisher wants to undertake a book which he and his associates know will not be a commercial success—will probably not even pay for the printing and binding, much less turn in a profit. It may be a collection of verse, the study of an obscure painter, a politico-economic treatise, or a first novel which has been written for a reader audience that, by long experience, the publisher knows to be very small.

In such instances, two courses are open. The first is the easiest—to reject the manuscript. The second course is one which no board of directors would endorse—to publish the book without regard to its paying any proportional share in the overhead. In such cases, the publisher may, without blushing, ask the author to share this risk by taking a slightly lower royalty. That, as far as I can discover, is the basic reason for the wholesale type of contract. It originated in the desire to find a new formula, based on actual receipts, whereby the author took a smaller beginning royalty in view of the risks involved. It is not used where there is a reasonable probability of a normal profit. Indeed, the wholesale contract is a rarity at best, and is seldom encountered. This cannot be too strongly emphasized. I asked in one of the larger houses the other day how many such contracts they held among the several thousand in their files. They found three, but only after a search; and two of these had been signed with agents, who are supposed to watch out for their authors' interests. Four other houses when questioned reported that the wholesale contract was largely academic; it scarcely existed in practice. One New York publisher still uses this formula to some slight extent and it may not be a coincidence that he has done more to introduce new writers (new to the American reading public) than most of his competitors.

One indictment against this type of wholesale contract seems to me valid and reasonable. Authors are not familiar with the jargon of business and the intricacies of discounts and selling prices. No matter how lucid and direct the publishers may be in their explanation, there is always the possibility that an artistic temperament may find the whole business confusing and bewildering. The publisher may not realize this—which makes the situation worse. You mention an instance where you think a publisher, having neglected to put a fixed wholesale price in the contract (we have just seen that 42 per cent is the normal discount and this is plainly set down in practically every contract) profited by this omission to take advantage of the author by selling all the edition at the very generous discount of 50 per cent.

There are two answers to this large discount charge, which you explain, not by a faking of figures by the publisher but by his disregard of the author's interests in being too generous. The first answer is that the publisher may have thought that he was doing his young author a service by getting his books out to as many bookstores, jobbers, and libraries as possible. Perhaps the publisher's idea was to make contacts for his author with as many

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By GENERAL STEPHEN O. FUQUA

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readers as possible. It looks like a pretty good idea. About the best way of doing this is by making the book attractive in price, in this case, selling it at a generous discount of 50 per cent. If you have ever followed the long, hard road of a traveling salesman and visited bookstores up and down this land, you'll know what a few points in discount may be in getting a bookseller to work with you. And the second answer is this—which may console you—that if a publisher is cutting the author's throat by selling his books too cheaply, he is cutting his own throat, too. Every time the publisher sets the wholesale price a little lower, he loses at a far faster rate than the author. In all your consideration of this profession, Mr. Rascoe, you seem to have overlooked the fact that publishers and authors rise and fall together. I doubt if a publisher in the case you mention would have offered so many of the author's books at 50 per cent if he hadn't realized that he would sell more books that way—and so both publisher and author would come home ahead at long last. Publishing is a partnership, Mr. Rascoe, and suspicion and distrust, such as I am afraid you have encouraged, can be very damaging.

But the rarity of these contracts in the stream of publishing makes their discussion of theoretical rather than practical interest, except as they may be used as a pretext for striking at an entire profession. Somewhere, sometime, someplace, a publisher may have written what amounts to a fraudulent wholesale contract. I don't know that he has—but I wouldn't condemn publishers in general on such evidence.

You are wrong in a number of other matters in your article which time and space prevent discussing here in detail. One is the incident of the publisher who made a $9000 clear profit out of a sale of 8200 books at $2.50, and 365 books at $6.00. Clear profit should mean net profit after composition, plates, advertising, overhead, royalty, and manufacture have been paid. It's nice work if you can get it that way, Mr. Rascoe, but you haven't given us all the figures (such as advertising) to check by. In a symposium or anthology of that sort, however, it is the editor's business to keep within the appropriation the publisher sets aside for permissions and editorial fees. Your quarrel in that case is rather with the editor in not keeping within bounds set for him than with the publisher.

Another instance where you are wrong is in the movie split where the publisher took 75 per cent of the proceeds and left the author only 25 per cent. You say you have known such instances. If so, I insist they were exceptional and should not be brought forward as typical. The usual split is more likely to be the reverse—25 per cent to the publisher and 75 per cent to the author. Actually, this would be high as an average. In many contracts the publisher does not have any rights at all in the motion picture sale, these being handled by the author's agents. Where the publisher does take a commission, it is based on his efforts in selling the motion picture rights, plus his investment in making the book attractive to the picture company through promotion, special advertising, and publicity. The book publication in itself may result in a loss and the motion picture commission may be the only profit.

STILL, another instance where you are wrong, Mr. Rascoe, is in the relative profit a publisher makes on the first printing and on subsequent printings of a book. Here are the actual figures of the per copy costs of a novel. Composition and plates are not included—just printing, binding, paper and cloth. This novel had a first printing of 10,000 copies and a subsequent printing of 500 copies. Per copy cost for this book was 20 4/10 cents in the large printing and 34 1/4 cents in the small printing. From this it is obvious that as the original sale of a book tapers off and additional printings grow smaller, the cost to the publisher increases—and at the same time that the author's royalties have mounted to their peak. Of course, there's more profit in a 100,000 sale than in a 2500 sale—more profit to author and publisher alike. But not, as you say, on "every printing of 500 copies or more." When you make statements such as these, you remind me of the mortar gun Charlie Poore wrote about in the *Times* the other day which had a field of error equal to its range.

You are wrong, too, when you say that every successful publisher has stolen authors from his competing publishers. At least, you're not clear enough in what you say for me to be sure you are right. Obviously, if an author is under contract to another publisher, he can't be stolen without a fight in the courts. If he isn't under contract or if his contract is about to run out, the author is in the enviable position of being wooed. Of course, the publisher who has been bringing out the author's books doesn't like to see him leave the old home and may raise his royalties to keep him. But perhaps the new publisher will talk longer and harder and show more long green. I'm afraid, Mr. Rascoe, that business is like that. I read a week or so ago that the Brooklyn Dodgers have bought Kirby Higbe by outbidding three other clubs for this pitcher's services next year. Of course, he was still under contract and they paid Philadelphia for him, but the three losing clubs probably feel that Larry MacPhail made a raid on the tail-enders. The situation isn't quite parallel, but competition is the adrenalin of the publishing business—and of most other businesses. Even the paper *The Saturday Review* is printed on was sold them, I venture to guess, on a competitive basis. The same of the publisher who out-bids his rivals for an author. I'm afraid we're up against human nature and the law of the pack.

You are wrong, too, when you say that a publisher has to devote nearly his whole advertising and promotion budget to the one book on which he has made a heavy investment and hasn't time or money for a newcomer on his list. Actually I have never known that to happen. I know how most publishers apportion their advertising and promotion, and the general principle is for every tub to stand on its own bottom. You place to the credit of each book what the traffic will bear, but you don't rob a detective story author of a hundred dollars to put that money on a biography. How, purely from a business point of view, would a publisher sell the bulk of his list if he deliberately ignored it in favor of one glamour title? I'll grant that, having paid too much for a manuscript, now and then a maverick publisher may continue the counsel of desperation and plunge in his advertising, too. But you can't neglect the rest of the list, Mr. Rascoe, not if you're going to be in business next year.

You are wrong, Mr. Rascoe, and not a little foolish, in suggesting that publishers will carry along, year after

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year, an author who is a continuing liability to the amount of anywhere from $15,000 to $85,000, for the sake of the prestige that surrounds a great name. Perhaps you have known of such a case? If you have, I'll warrant that, like another prodigal son, this publisher has long since come to his senses—or has gone into bankruptcy. I might even hazard the suggestion that publishers have sometimes become bored with too much familiarity and first-naming and have let a great celebrity slip away because he was becoming a nuisance. Both of these extremes would be the exceptions—but one no more so than the other.

You are wrong, too, in your feeling that publishers are continually imposing on reviewers and critics and continually trying to rig reviews. I personally know that most publishers enjoy the friendliest of relations with editors and reviewers. They all undoubtedly try to present their books in the best possible light before them. And all of us have, now and then, been exasperated, not so much by the unfavorable as the insincere or inadequate treatment of a book. But, in general, if you will ask the reviewers and editors of review sheets, I think they will tell you that publishers do not carry on the blackmail your article suggests. I am glad that you openly admit that your own experiences, when six publishers tried to have you fired by writing to your employer, were not typical. Perhaps those six publishers may even have been partly justified. Do you suppose your reviews of their books may possibly have been as intemperate and as inaccurate as your article on the publishers themselves?

I'd like to discuss with you, if I had the space, the pros and contras of all the cheap edition books (like the charming little *Pocket* Books) which you seem to find a thorn in the bookseller's flesh. I don't feel that way. I believe there are customers for these and customers for the original editions, and I am delighted to see Fifth Avenue booksellers as well as the little fellows on the side streets selling these inexpensive editions. And I am willing to gamble that few buyers of the cheaper books have the impression that original printings are a racket because reprints come lower. On the contrary, I'll bet a good many new readers of expensive books have been made *via* the cheap book. Let's have more books and more readers in this cockeyed world!

If you have followed me thus far, Mr. Rascoe, you may have observed that I have been trying to answer some of the outstanding charges in your article. Like Charles the Second in his dying, I feel I have been an unconscionable time at it. I haven't meant to accuse you of malice so much as of half-truths and no truth at all. And it does take a lot of words to correct the general impression you have given by a series of rather scrappy and incomplete personal prejudices. There are other matters still to be talked about—and there is a great deal of evidence at my fingertips on the positive side which lack of space prevents me from presenting now. It would take time to correct your astigmatic views this way—he that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding—and grinding isn't much fun.

Speaking of wheat cakes, I'm reminded that you and I, some years ago, used to eat breakfast together in a little restaurant on Fourth Avenue. We often sat across the table but we never spoke, which may have been my selfishness, for I relish most men more in their silence than in their speech. On one occasion, you had just returned from a long journey round certain western isles and had written a stimulating book about titans in literature. I remember that I wanted to dispute some statements you had made in your book, but I deferred, partly because I enjoyed being silent, and partly in discretion. I remember that you used to glance now and again in the direction of my lean face and that I furtively gazed at you, over the marble table-top, wondering how one small head could carry so much about books and authors. I knew, too, of your skill in challenge and debate and your record, which I admired, as an iconoclast. I wish you had used that skill more effectively in this latest article of yours, for it isn't a bad thing at all for the publishers to have a dusting now and then. I hope you'll redeem yourself before long by going after "the boys" again, Mr. Rascoe, only next time do get your facts first.

In the meanwhile, and until then, don't overlook what I have most sincerely written about silence. Rightly savored, I have found it has a fine bouquet. I suggest you try it.

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEED WITHOUT A NAME *Dorothy Bowers* (Crime Club: $2.)	London student bludgeoned and hung in empty house. Puzzle of pictorial diary finally solved by Insp. Pardoe and Serg. Salt.	Excellent writing and convincing detection, also good picture of England in pre-blitzkreig blackout days. Moves methodically to logical finish.	Good—of its type
FRACAS IN THE FOOTHILLS *Elliot Paul* (Random House: $2.)	With no more Parisian underworlds to conquer Homer Evans takes his cronies to Montana and solves a long-cold crime.	On sound sleuthing foundation author builds structure that reaches new peaks of absurdity and beautiful nonsense. But don't take it seriously.	Overdone
THE SHADOW AND THE WEB *Mary Allerton* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Southern girls' academy ruined and owner's family decimated by greedily murderous female enamored of religious faker.	Thunder clouds of almost unrelieved gloom shot with lightning of horror. Not advisable dish for folks with easily upset noives.	Red-hot chiller
THE CASE OF THE SILENT PARTNER *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Middleman in dirty deal to ruin Cal. florists' business gets badly shot. Perry Mason, already on edge of plot, jumps in entirely.	Introduces two new wrinkles: non-courtroom finish, and police opponent worthy of Perry's steel. Wind-up likely to make you gasp.	Slick as ever

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THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

GREEN ENTRY. By F. Ruth Howard. Morrow. 1940. 274 *pp.* $2.50.

Miss Howard's novel, a first novel, is an easy-going, good-humored book about some agreeable, story-book people, their seven horses, and their adventures on a horse-show circuit in California. The principal characters, Joan Stuart, her eleven year-old son Alan, and her second husband, Michael, are nice, well-mannered folk, crazy about horses, who never become more than amiable acquaintances of the reader. With the exception of Alan's putative father, Joan's first husband, there is never a backward glance in all the pages, and he can only be deduced from Alan's existence, since nobody ever mentions him or suggests what became of him. Just as there are no clues to anyone's life previous to the opening of the book, so there are no hints about where the Stuarts get the money to maintain a stable, a couple of cars, and an adequate supply of ready cash for trips by plane and person-to-person phone calls. Joan writes verses, and Michael is late for one horse-show because of an appointment with a publisher, and one night he has an Idea and she says, "What is it, darling? Novel or short story or play? Or what?" In other words, some sort of literary activity is implied, but there is no reason for supposing that it pays the feed-bill.

It is, however, vulgar to speculate about the income and earlier experiences of people whom one knows as slightly as the reader knows the Stuarts. They are pleasant, and they work very hard with their horses, accepting their disappointments philosophically and their victories joyfully. With the same diligence they employ to school their entries, they tackle their major domestic problem, the always latent, occasionally flaring resentment between Alan and his step-father. Everyone feels satisfied that virtue has been worthily rewarded when Alan and Michael, riding side by side, win the last and most difficult competition in the final show.

F. S.

THE INTELLECTUAL LOVER. By David Freedman. Harpers. 1940. 172 *pp.* $2.

Quality is the striking thing about these half-dozen excellent little tales. Thought and feeling distinguish them. Told by what Broadway calls a "gag-writer"—and a very successful one—, now dead, they deal convincingly with grief no less than joy. Was their author a good jokesmith because he thought deeply? Or was he able to think with strict integrity because his humorist's sense of disproportion quickened his sense of proportion? The stories do not tell us that. But they tell much else.

David Freedman's favorite theme in fiction is marriage. "The Intellectual Lover," the story which gives the book its title, is perhaps the best of the six and it is the most flattering to modern conditions. The hero, who reduces love to a single dimension: "Love is not a factor of space but of Time," is a great improvement upon his predecessors, Don Juan, Casanova, and the rest. He is married. "They never married. They loved," he says of the others. "We Are Four" treats of the ancient problem of genius-in-double-harness but with new irony. Its bizarre beginning enriches this story of a commonplace couple with divine possibilities undergoing a familiar torment. Love of color and fantasy—the Arabian Nights touch—betray David Freedman's Rumanian blood. But America tempered his exuberance and he used it with effective restraint.

It is the unexpected that happens in these stories—which is another way of saying they are original.

Their telling is good, too. Such technique shows an admirable economy of word and effort. We wish that some of our other fiction writers might have David Freedman's arduous discipline of screen and radio writing. H. Mc.

Miscellaneous

YANKEE SKIPPERS TO THE RESCUE. By Felix Riesenberg, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 283 *pp.* $2.

"With foreign ships predominant on the Atlantic, the far greater number of recent sea rescues have been made by Americans and those saved have been foreigners, taken from their foundering ships."

From this point the book sets sail on complete accounts of twelve notable rescues on that most turbulent of all oceans, with briefer mention of many others, where the surrounding circumstances were not such as to make the performance an outstanding feat of intelligence or heroism. A reader may be pardoned for approaching the book with some trepidation. It would seem offhand that one such rescue would be very like another, and having shed a few adjectives around the poor sailors clinging to their foundering vessel and a few more around the rescuers pulling to the wreck, there is very little the author could do but wind up and start over again.

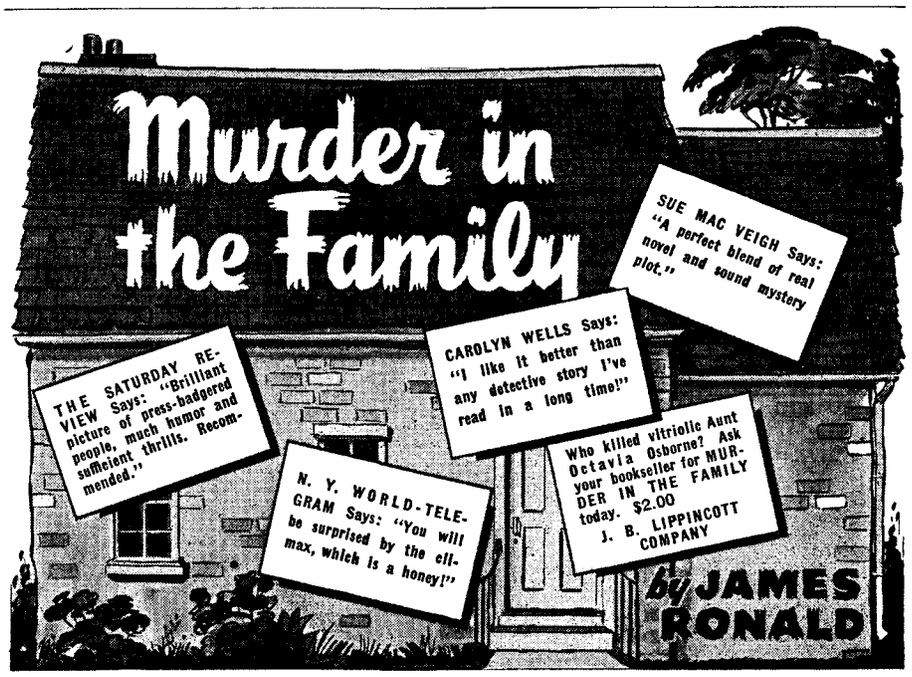
Not at all. Mr. Riesenberg eschews the adjectival approach and seizes upon circumstances that make these tales as different in narration as the events must have been in fact. Thus the crew of *St. Louis* rescued sinking *Veendam's* people by simply lowering away; but when Fried of *President Roosevelt* tried to get *Antinoe's* crew he lost two men in the effort to lower, had to keep the foundering vessel afloat all night by drifting an oil-slick down to her. The book as a whole deserves a "Well done" signal and citation in support of the theory that literary ability can be hereditary.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 348)

PHILIP FRENEAU

FALSE SYSTEMS

And men will rise from what they
are.
. . . . . .
What is this earth, that sun, these
skies,
If all we see, on man must rise
Forsaken and oppressed?
Why blazes round the eternal beam,
Why, Reason, art thou called supreme,
Where nations find no rest?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Double-Crostics: No. 349

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-I	2-L	3-H		4-P	5-O	6-H		7-L	8-A	9-B	10-O		11-Q	12-X	13-W	14-K
	15-C	16-R	17-H	18-V	19-A	20-E		21-I		22-K	23-R	24-N	25-V	26-O	27-Y	28-H
29-Z		30-R	31-G	32-F	33-M		34-F	35-W		36-J	37-M	38-E	39-H	40-R	41-U	
42-G	43-Z	44-U	45-Y	46-N	47-J	48-X	49-Q		50-X	51-V	52-H	53-L	54-S		55-Z	56-K
57-M	58-N	59-B	60-U	61-T	62-V		63-L	64-T	65-S	66-F	67-E		68-Z	69-D	70-B	
71-J	72-M		73-A	74-F	75-N		76-U	77-Q	78-B	79-J		80-I	81-B		82-N	83-C
84-F		85-G	86-H	87-S	88-J	89-Z	90-A	91-X	92-F		93-R	94-U	95-O	96-M	97-A	
98-T	99-K	100-S	101-H	102-O	103-X		104-Y	105-Q	106-X	107-M	108-S		109-A	110-N	111-T	
112-W	113-A	114-M		115-A	116-I	117-W		118-N	119-G	120-K	121-B	122-O	123-X	124-U	125-T	
126-L	127-C	128-B		129-A	130-I		131-C	132-N	133-B		134-X	135-Y	136-R	137-P		138-S
139-B	140-A	141-H	142-P		143-B	144-L		145-C	146-D	147-W		148-X	149-U	150-K	151-C	152-I
	153-K	154-E	155-N	156-G		157-B	158-P	159-T	160-G	161-Q		162-D	163-C	164-A	165-I	
166-E	167-S	168-C		169-T	170-J	171-U	172-R	173-E		174-D	175-W	176-L		177-K	178-R	179-E
180-O		181-M	182-G	183-T	184-O		185-P	186-W								

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words, therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Vain boasting.

B. Irresistibly.

C. English monk, Bishop of Lindisfarne (687).

D. Kind of long shallow lagoon.

E. Demons (Arabic).

F. Branched.

G. Hotel outside-attendant.

H. Void of feeling.

I. Goddess of beauty (Hindu).

J. Evil spirit possessing one (Jewish folklore).

K. Incited to action.

L. First publisher of children's books (1713-67).

M. Eating-place (slang).

N. Anything rejected.

O. Cover as with a disguise.

P. Fates (Teut.)

Q. Personal aspect.

R. Inalienable.

S. Revive.

T. Author of "The Man of Mode" (1664).

U. Dickens's "lone lorn creetur" (last name).

V. Repute, estimation.

W. Make subservient.

X. Easily disgusted.

Y. South Seas tale by Melville.

Z. Urgent exigencies.

WORDS

97	164	73	8	19	113	109	115	129	140	90
143	81	133	59	9	121	128	139	157	78	70
151	127	131	83	15	168	163	145			
146	69	162	174							
154	179	38	20	67	166	173				
66	74	32	34	92	84					
85	182	31	119	42	160	156				
101	52	86	3	28	141	6	39	17		
1	21	152	130	116	165	80				
79	47	36	71	170	88					
150	56	22	120	99	177	14	153			
144	53	63	126	2	176	7				
181	107	37	33	57	96	114	72			
82	132	46	110	118	24	155	58	75		
5	95	180	10	102	26	184	122			
137	185	158	4	142						
11	77	105	161	49						
178	172	23	40	136	16	93	30			
138	87	100	54	167	65	108				
125	111	64	159	169	61	98	183			
76	149	60	44	171	41	124	94			
18	62	51	25							
117	186	35	147	175	112	13				
103	148	106	48	123	134	12	91	50		
135	104	45	27							
89	55	43	68	29						

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

V. F. CALVERTON died last week. He was a young man just turned forty who, in the twenty-odd years he had been a familiar figure in the literary world, wrote enough and participated in enough controversy to create the impression—even among many of his readers and followers who did not know him personally—that he was at least half again his real age. His apartment in New York's Greenwich Village was a literary convention hall at which congregated people from all walks of life in search of pleasant, stimulating company and an opportunity to talk and argue on everything under the sun. This was not surprising: their host had a universal range of interests which was reflected in his books and anthologies whose subjects embraced history, sociology, anthropology, fiction, belles-lettres, and literary criticism. It is difficult to guess which of his eighteen books will be best remembered, but friends predict that his novel, "The Man Inside," will increase in reputation with the years. Of his other works and anthologies, several are certain to continue as important if not standard books in their respective fields: "Sex and Civilization," of which Samuel Schmalhausen was co-editor; "The Awakening of America," which was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize in history by several reviewers in the annual *Saturday Review* poll; and "The Making of Society," an anthology.

★ ★

☞National Art Week which began November 26 finds many of the publishers prepared with choice offerings. The popular and ably-edited *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces* is a Simon and Schuster contribution; Oxford University Press has just issued *The Sculptures of Michaelangelo* with a foreword by Ludwig Goldschneider; another book of distinction and importance is *Carl Milles: Sculptor,* by Meyric R. Rogers—a Yale University Press imprint. Greystone Press is represented with a new biography, *Michelangelo,* by Marcel Brion. In the architectural field, G. P. Putnam's Sons offers *Architect Through the Ages,* by Talbot Hamlin.

★ ★

☞Is there a doctor in the house? No! Is there a doctor at his office? No! If you are ill and require medical service we suggest you call his publisher for an appointment, for witness the number of books recently authored by the Men in White: *Men at Their Worst,* by Leo L. Stanley, M.D.; *Bellevue,* by Lorraine Maynard and Laurence Miscall, M.D.; *The Doctor and His Patients,* by Arthur E. Hertzler, M.D.; *A Surgeon's Life, The Autobiography* of J. M. T. Finney, M.D.; *A Surgeon Explains to the Layman,* by M. Benmosché, M.D.; *How to Raise a Healthy Baby,* by L. J. Halperin, M.D.; *Doctors in Arabia,* by Paul W. Harrison, M.D.; *Vitamins,* by Henry Borsook, M.D.; *Hugh Young—A Surgeon's Autobiography;* and *Medical Center,* by Faith Baldwin, novelist.

★ ★

☞One of Old Q.'s Associates went to the Thanksgiving Eve dinner at the Hotel Brevoort given by the New York Booksellers League for the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Among the guests at the speakers' table were several authors of new titles, current and coming, on the Stokes list: Eugene Lyons, A. A. (Abe) Schechter, and Frank Case. After the dinner, Frank Case related that he had told NBC'S Abe Schechter, co-author of the forthcoming *I Live on Air,* that the title was a direct steal from a line in Shakespeare's *Hamlet.* Retorted the stocky (200 lb. 5 feet 5 inches) manager of the news-gathering service of NBC: "Oh, yeah—well, I'm a tough egg. Let him sue!" ☞During the dinner, Frank Case, whose newly-published *Do Not Disturb* is enjoying even greater success than his *Tales from a Wayward Inn,* told of a recent conversation with a Chinese authoress. The conversation was rather slow and deliberate because the authoress, who had just arrived from the Far East, seemed to have considerable difficulty with the English language. "And what," asked the genial Mr. Case, "do you expect to do in this country?" "I," she said, "come tour here lecture."

★ ★

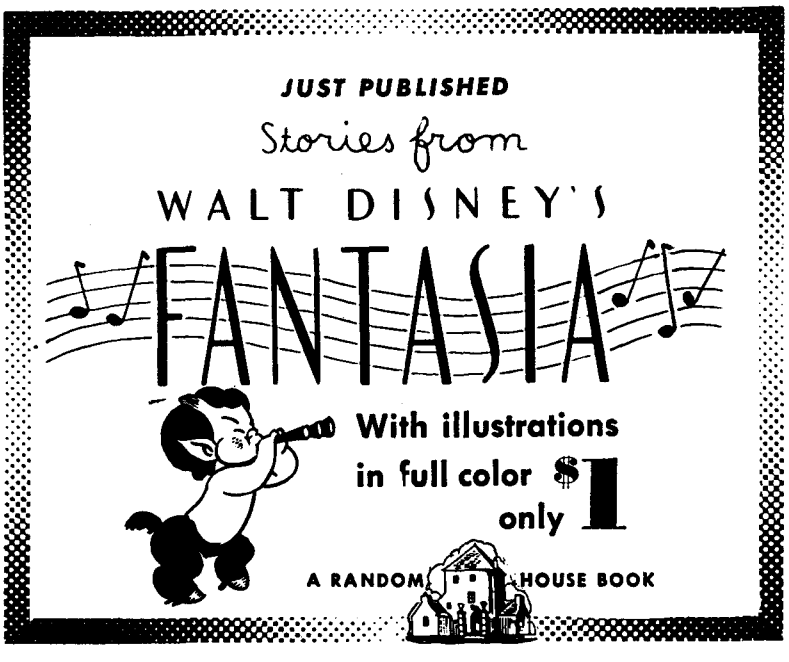
☞Bennett Cerf unlimbered himself of some heavy artillery at the Random House night given by the Philadelphia Booksellers Association. Said Mr. Cerf of book reviewers: "With a few rare exceptions they have about as much influence on the book-buying public as they have on the weather." ☞From Mr. Cerf also comes a prompt reply to the query contained in this column last week asking the identity of a publisher who has not put out a book around or about the Selective Service Act. "I give you Random House," he says in a letter. Appalled by the amount of "literature that is being spewed forth on this subject, I am convinced that a large part of it will remain utterly undigested."

★ ★

☞*Book Babble:* Suggestion slogan for booksellers—"Make This a Two-Volume Christmas." Our choice would be the two volume *Shelley,* by Newman Ivey White, and the two-volume *John D. Rockefeller,* by Allan Nevins.

★ ★

☞We were delighted to hear from Bob DeGraff, of Pocket Books, that an early hunch of ours proved true—booksellers keep asking him to add more mysteries to the line. Among bookreaders, mystery addicts are about the hungriest. And it seemed to us that Pocket Books blue-plate price was a dinner bell. If the one-half of the *SRL* readers who do not read mysteries want to find out why the other half do they might start in on any of the P.B. mysteries. Two of our favorites of the tales of detection mystery are "Murder Must Advertise," by Dorothy Sayres and "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," by Agatha Christie. For a horror story try "The Lodger," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. We should like to persuade Bob to add at least one story of the supernatural—Henry James's "Turn of the Screw." But what this country needs is a good 25 cent mystery in which the butler does commit the crime.



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